

The Jolly Miller's

24

G A R L A N D

Composed in several delightful

N E W S O N G S.

- I. The Jolly Miller.
- II. Capt. Barnwell, A new Song.
- III. The merry Butcher, A new Song.
- IV. A new Song in the praise of noble Douglas.
- V. A new Wedding Song.
- VI. The King of France's Lamentation.



Dances and entered according to Order.



The Jolly Miller's Garland.



The Jolly Miller.

THE old Wife she sent to the Miller her Daughter,
To grind her Grist quickly and so return back;
The miller so work'd it; that in eight months after
The Sack was as tall as any could lack,
Young Robin so pleas'd her, that when she came Home,
She gap'd like a stuck pig, and stor'd like a Mome,
She hoyben'd, she scamper'd, she hallow'd and whoop'd
And all the Day long,

This, this was her Song,
Was ever a Maiden so lricompoop'd?

Oh! Nelly, cry'd Celie, thy Clothes are all mealy,
Both Backside and forside are rumpled all o'er;
You mope now and fadder, why what a pox ails ye?
I'll go to the Miller did grinding to ply,
She came cutting Gapers a Foot and half high,
She waddled, she straddled, she halloo'd and whoop'd,
And all the Day long,

This, this was her Song,
Were ever two Sisters so lricompoop'd?

Then Mary of the Dairy, a third of the Number,
Would gain know the Cause they so jig it about,
The Miller her wishes long would not incumber,
But in the old Manner the secret found out,
Thus Celie and Nell, and Mary the mild,
When just about Harvest Time all big with Child,
They haac'd in the Hay, they halloo'd and whoop'd,
And all the Day long,

This, this was their Song,
Were ever three Sisters so lricompoop'd.

An

And when they were big they did stare at each other
And crying oh! Sister, what shall we now do?
For all our young Bantlings we have but one Father
And they in one Month will all come to Town too
O why did we run in such Haste to the Mill;
To Robin, who always the Toll-dish would fill?
He bump'd us all up, then hallow'd and whoop'd,
And all the Day long,
This, this was their Song,
Hey; were ever three Sisters so liricompoop'd.



A new Song.

A Lone as I was walking, 'twas on a summer's day,
I heard two lovers talking, and she to him did say,
All in a mournful ditty, she thus began her tale,
Which mov'd his heart in pity, her true love to bewail.

O true love, true love Samuel, now begins thy woe,
O true love, true love Sarah, what makes you to lay so
My Friend and brother Barnwell, is so displeased at thee,
And says that he will slay thee, upon the mountains high.

O tell thy friend and brother, I am not such a man,
I ere not a straw for him, let him do the worst he can,
Give me thy hand sweet lassie, and stand thee true to me,
And I will fight with Barnwell, upon the mountains high.

When you come on the mountains, yourselves all alone,
You're far from any town, you're far from your own,
You're far from town or city, no one will you come high,
So use my Brother kindly upon the mountains high.

Yonder stands Capt. Barnwell, bending of his Bow,
He's waiting for young Samuel, for to be his foe;
O come you here young Samuel, and let me draw nigh,
For here I mean to slay thee, upon the mountains high.

O slay me not says Samuel, O slay me not says he,
O slay me not says Samuel, are you so cowardly?

For

For this time Cap^t Barnwell, I've got no Shots for thee,
So slay me not says Samuel, here so cowardly.

If you have not Shots for me, for that I do not care
Except my Sister's company, now thou wilt forswear,
And except thou wilt forsake my Sister's Company,
It's here I mean to slay thee, upon the mountains high.

Then Samuel stood amazed, not knowing what to say,
At length he steps up to him, and his arrow took away
He took his arrows from him, his bow he broke in three
Barnwell where's the Shot, that you had got for me.

When Barnwell lost his armour, he cry'd out amain
It's for my Sister Sarah, here I must be slain,
It's for my Sister Sarah, here I now must die.
My life is in the hands of Samuel upon the mountains high.

O say you not says Samuel, O say you not says he,
Grant me but one only thing; and I will be kind to thee,
For to enjoy thy Sister, likewise the couriers hall;
And I will use thee kindly, upon the mountains high.

So here comes Sarah Barnwell, tripping o'er the plain,
She's thinking to find her Brother, or true love to be slain,
She's wringing her hands, and wiping of her Eyes,
Till she spy'd them coming, from off the mountains high.

Then Barnwell steps up to her, and took her by the hand,
And gave her unto Samuel, in the place where he did stand,
I do present my sister, to be thy wedded wife:
May you have prosperation, all the days of your life.

For I needs must own, thou beest a better man than I,
'Twas in thy power to slay me upon the mountains high
Half of my lands and living, I'll freely give to thee;
Likewise my sister Sarah, thy wedded Wife shall be.
Because thou use'd me kindly, upon the mountains high.

A New SONG

COME all young Virgins, I would have you beware,
Before it is too late I would have you take Care;
It is of an ancient Farmer who had a handsome Wife,
She never never knew the Joys of a Bride.

She went to her Neighbours and thus to them did say,
 Long time I have been married but still I am a Maid;
 My husband he is grown old and his courage grown cold
 With in my heart I was sold.

A Butcher he came by, and knock'd at the Ring,
 He starts the Damsel, and let the Butcher in;
 'Twas a jolly Butcher that dealt in good fat Ware,
 As your Husband got any, any for to spare.

'Tis we have a Heifer, the Damsel she reply'd,
 Who never never knew, the joys of a Bride.
 He talked to her of Love and found her to be fine,
 As he my dearest Jewel, you will be but mine.

He will endeavour to please thee all in a merry mood,
 That you never never shall have reason to complain,
 He never deny'd him but freely gave a vent,
 To the pleasing joys of a love sick heart.

And thus reply'd the Damsel all with a rolling Eye,
 Your words are so pleasing they almost make me die,
 As he my dearest Jewel, what Joys can excel,
 A Butcher loves to please all palates very well.



A new Song, in the praise of the noble Douglas.

COME all you north-Britons, rejoice now and sing,
 At the joyful tidings, which to you I bring,
 Concerning great Douglas, the Duke's sister son,
 Whose cause in South-Briton so fairly is won.

Before the high court, his cause was laid down,
 Here it was decided, at fair London town,

Brave Norton with numbers the truth did declare,
This *Douglas* to be the righteous heir.

This pierc'd like a Dart, to the heart of his foes,
When faith and bibeiry could not interpose;
To think this cause, so fairly was won,
The opposite party that day was struck dumb.

Some thought to betray him, as I have heard told,
For the sake of curst *Lucres*, that covetous gold:
Thus to vote against him they straight did prepare.
Tho' a blood relation and righteous heir.

Such base pretences, shall never take place,
Against noble *Douglas*, or an ancient race;
Whole *Isle* through *Great-Britain*, For ages is known,
Let us fill up your Bumpers, and let them go round.

In praise of the *Duchess*, who acted her part,
No lady of honour more witty and smart,
Upon their proceedings did boldly advance;
To prove *just* birth-right, in *Britain* and *France*.

As soon as the tidings to *Scotland* came down,
Great joy in this nation, with mirth did abound,
In honour of *Douglas*, now as you shall find,
Their windows with candles; they brightly did shine.

Great illuminations, with bonfires were made,
In honour of *Douglas* now as it is said,
To shew the affection of both old and young,
That his noble cause so fairly was won.

O *Douglas* for ever, let it be your cry,
For he's the true heir, who can it decry;
Success to great *Douglas* in spite of his foes,
Or any in *Britain* who dare him oppose.

O were I but worthy his name to record,
Or speak of the Praise of this noble Lord,
Who freely deserves the greatest applause,
For high birth and honour, which every one knows.

all sing to his praise, the nations all round,
This noble heir of fame and ren-
honour of Douglas wherever
I drink to his success, in spite of . . . see.

And now to conclude, these lines, I have pen'd,
hope in these verses I do not offend;
to speak of the Douglas, so ancient and brave,
by your pardon I humbly crave.

A new Wedding SONG.

COME haste to this Wedding, ye friends and ye neighbours,
The lovers their bliss can no longer delay
forget all your Sorrows, your cares, and your labours,
And let every heart beat with rapture to day;

Come, come, one and all,

Attend to my call

And revel in pleasures, that never can cloy;

Come see

Rural felicity.

Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

C H O R U S

Come see

Rural felicity,

Which love and innocence ever enjoy,

Let envy and pride, let hate and ambition,

Still croud to, and be at the breasts of the Great;

To such wretched passions we give no admission

But leave them alone to the wise ones of state:

We boast of no wealth

But Contentment and health,

In mirth and in friendship our moments employ;

Come see

Rural felicity

Which love and innocence ever enjoy.

Come see, &c.

With reason we taste of each heart feeling pleasure,

With reason we drink of the full-flowing bowl,

Are jocund and gay, but all within measure,

For fatal excess but enslaves the free soul,

Come, come at our bidding,

To this happy wedding,

No Care shall intrude here our blifs to annoy,
Come see
Rural E
Which love and mirth ever enjoy.
Come see, &c.

The King of FRANCE's Lamentation.

O Britains ! O Britains ! I would have you give o'er,
To tell you the truth I'm sick of the war ;
For the *English* they do beat us where'er we go,
Thier hearts are like steel so hard is the blow.

Was there ever a poor king like me in this grief,
The *English* unto me have prov'd a great thief ;
They've robb'd me of late that will make me run wild,
To think of my realm they've taken *Billite*.

The truth of my story I mean to relate,
On *Martinico's* face, think my heart it will break,
O ! what shall I do, or what shall I say,
For my whole Nation they will take away.

The sound of the trumpet, the beat of the drum,
The *English* like lions against me did come
With powder and ball they make such a flay,
My men in the field they're not able to stay.

Their King *George* the third who sits on the throne,
He wounded me full sore which caus'd me to mourn,
I mourn and sicken I am pressed with woe,
O ! where shall I run to, or where shall I go ?

O messenger ! O messenger ! mind what I tell
If you can get peace then all will be well !
But if they refuse our peace for to make,
The Crowa from my head they quickly will take.

The Pope told the King when the wars first begun,
In rage when he would the battle we would win ;
But now I do find it's not the Pope's to give,
My heart it will break for I can no longer live,
The Pope's a Liar I very well do know,
I wish the Devil had him for serving me so.